

Let My Old Breeches Alone.

Dr. Mary Walker is trying to have a law passed making it lawful for women to wear breeches.--News item.

Say, women, I hate like the mischief
To utter this stinging rebuke,
But some of your tribe are so crazy
They almost compel me to puke.

I've stood up and fought for you
bravely,
And helped in your social advance,
And now in return for my kindness
I'm asked to fork over my pants.

I've given you most of my wardrobe—
My hat and my collar and tie,
And then as a favor to you-all,
I told my suspenders goodbye.

I'm willing to make you a goddess,
And set you high up on a throne,
If only you'll stick to your dresses
And let my old breeches alone.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Now, see here, you slab-sided slang-whangers, let your uncle have a whack at that Platonic Love question. Ever since Heck was a pup they have been talking about this thing, and it strikes me sorter perpendicular side-ways that it's time the question was settled. "A question is never settled until it is settled right," once wisely remarked your Aunt Ella Squeeler Pillbox, and so The Fool-Killer is going to settle this great Platonic Love question if it takes five whole minutes to do it.

This old, wobbly world, in its efforts to be broad-minded and magnanimous, has just about staggered into its own cavernous mouth and swallowed itself. In modern straddlebug society a married masculine mollicoddle feels that he isn't exactly bong-swong until he gets up a case of Platonic love with about sixteen pretty married women who never heard of Plato. The way-up social set thinks it is quite the proper caper for married men to temporarily swap wives and go hugging some other man's buxom spouse around over the ballroom floor. And then "after the ball," when the lights burn low and the fairies get sleepy, you might find these "Platonic friends" coupled off in corners, every man courting his neighbor's wife till the roosters crow for day.

And yet there's nothing but mere friendship in it all! Just Platonic friendship and nothing more! They belong to the same club, have been reading the same book, or in some way their interests run in the same channel, and they are just talking it over. Sex attraction and that old serpent of carnality have nothing to do with it. Oh, no! Say, if you believe that, you are a bigger fool than Thompson's colt. There is the same force at work that always draws men

and women together, and when you connect the wires and turn on that current there's going to be some "sparking" in spite of the devil.

Perhaps the sweet sixteen might Platonize with the old gray-headed patriarch who taught her grandfather his a b c's; and perhaps the gosling boy might have a purely disinterested affection for the dear old wrinkle-faced woman who lives next door; but when a man and woman in the bloom of youth or the strength of middle age get to playing on that old Platonic fiddle, they are going to wind up with an "affinity jig" and that little green-eyed imp you call Cupid is going to dance to the music.

AND SHE WRIT A BOOK.

PROOFS OF SPIRIT IDENTITY—A series of letters from Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning to J. C. F. Grumbine while a clergyman in the Unitarian Church. Price 50c. Address J. C. F. Grumbine, 1890 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

The above advertisement appears in the March number of The Stellar Ray, of Detroit, Mich. The Stellar Ray is a double-gearred jimdandy of a nonsensical nothing-patch, and its reading columns as well as its advertising columns are filled up with just about such reeking rot as the above.

Now, fiddlesticks! How can Elizabeth Barrett? We all know that Mrs. Browning used to write books, but she quit that business a good while ago, and this is the first news I have had from her since she crossed over. If I believed this news was authentic I would gather herbs or make cross-ties to get the money and order her new book. But I don't. Mrs. Browning's body is in the grave, and if her spirit is living anywhere it is certainly in better business than sending letters to J. C. F. Grubworm.

Now if this snide used to be a clergyman in the Unitarian Church, and if that position brought him in such close touch with heaven that he could communicate with Mrs. Browning, why in all creation didn't he hang onto his job? He admits now that he is not at present a clergyman in the Unitarian Church. And why? Because the devil could use him to better advantage somewhere else. He is now one of the devil's private secretaries, and if there is such a book as the one mentioned above, either Mr. Satan or Mr. Grubworm wrote it. You can take my word for it that Elizabeth Barrett Browning is not writing books—or letters either—just at this stage of the game.

CANNON'S COLLAPSE.

Be it known that this rag of freedom is not in politics and has no political ax to grind, but it claims the right to knock any man or party that needs knocking, be it Republican, Democrat, Socialist or what not.

I have never wasted any of my journalistic ammunition on Oldjo Cannon, foreseeing, as I did, his ultimate fall without any aid of mine. In a smaller place Oldjo might have kept his head, but the people's love for cigar smoke and vulgarity caused them to place him on too high a pedestal. Now he has tumbled off and kicked up a great dust. Let us hope that when the dust settles and the political atmosphere becomes clear again we may see a new order of things under the old dome.

Czar Cannon became so inflated with an exaggerated sense of his own pitiful importance that his bubble of power just had to burst. He tried to rule with a rod of iron and drive the whole nation before him like a gang of slaves. But, glory be, we have a few men in Congress who can neither be bought nor bulldozed, a lesson that the honorable Speaker has at last learned, to his sorrow. Now let every elected representative of the people have a voice in affairs, and let us have done with Czars in this country where every man is said to be a king.

PUT 'EM IN THE BUG-HOUSE.

I want to stop right here long enough to throw up my old hat and yell hurrah for Col. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky. Col. Jack has pulled the stopper out of himself and poured out some mighty interesting talk on the subject of pistol-toting. He says that every fellow who is found sneaking around with a pistol in his hip pocket ought to be yanked up by the equator of the breeches and chucked head foremost into an insane asylum.

The Kentucky Colonel testifies that carrying a pistol is a strong incentive to use it, and after using it with fatal results the murderer tries to get off by pleading emotional insanity, brain-storm or some such tommyrot as that. Now if a man is crazy when he shoots, the natural inference is that he was crazy when he armed himself for shooting. So thinks the Colonel, and so think I.

As a general rule, there is no need of going armed in this country. If a man will behave himself and attend to his own business he will not get into any trouble. I could travel all over the United States without a pistol or any oth-

er weapon and feel much safer than if I were armed like a walking arsenal and bristling with swords and shooting-irons. To go unarmed is the best protection a peaceable man can have, and for my use I wouldn't give three cents for all the pistols that were ever made.

A term in the bug-house for pistol-toters would wean some of them, at least.

THAT NASTY PRIZE FIGHT.

The wild and woolly denizens of the wild and woolly West are fixing to pull off another big rotten sensation in the shape of a prize fight between a white man and a nigger. It seems that there is a big buck nigger named Johnson who at present holds the world's championship as a heavyweight paunch-pelter and all round slug-artist. Well, the half civilized tribes of California, who would rather see a fight than hear a sermon any day, have worked up a case between this nigger Johnson and their old patron saint, Jim Jeffries, and one of these days they are going to settle the race question for good and all.

Shame! shame! Will California never learn to be decent? She is about the only State where such an old hip-shotten, low-down, rotten, devil-begotten performance could take place. But it seems that the untamed rowdies of the West cannot live without their prize fights. Their wild, uncultured cow-boy natures crave blood and carnage, and to see two half-naked brutes pounding each other into jelly is the greatest joy of their lives.

When old nature got up and shook herself a few years ago, and laid San Francisco in ashes and ruins, I thought perhaps it had shaken some of the devil out of those people; but instead of helping matters it seems to have made them worse. They are simply dying now to see a big nigger cram his rusty fist down the throat of a fool white man.

While we don't have these brutal exhibitions in the East, our newspapers give them too much space and we are all too eager to read about them. Let us cut it out.

Agents Wanted

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for THE FOOL-KILLER. My terms to Agents are very liberal, and will be sent on application. The name, "FOOL-KILLER," is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and an Agent can easily make several dollars a day. Get my Agents' terms and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.